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A
P O E M,
ADDRESSED TO THE
A R M I E S
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

By DAVID HUMPHRIES, Esq; *K*
COLONEL in the Service of the UNITED STATES, and AID-DE-CAMP to
His EXCELLENCY the COMMANDER in CHIEF.

Jam fides, et pax, et honor, pudorque
Priscus, & neglecta redire virtus
Audet, apparetque beata pleno
Copia Cornu.

HOR.

Incipiunt magni procedere menses.

VIRG.

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P O E M

ADDRESS TO THE

A R M I E S

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

JOHN B. HARRIS

NEW YORK

1880

NEW YORK

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TO
ALL THE BRAVE MEN,
WHETHER OFFICERS OR SOLDIERS,
WHO COMPOSE
THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
THIS ADDRESS
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY THEIR BROTHER SOLDIER
AND HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

ALL THE FREE MEN
WHICH OFFICERS OR SOLDIERS
WHO TOPOSS
THE UNITED STATES
THIS ADDRESS
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED
BY THEIR BROTHER SOLDIERS
AND HUMBLE SERVANTS
THE AUTHOR

PERHAPS the following little Poem may be considered with the more indulgence by the Public, after it is known, that it was actually written, at a period when the army was in the field, and the Author so far engaged in the duties of his profession, as to have but little leisure for subjects of literature or amusement. And it will not be necessary to demonstrate to those who have the least knowledge of a military life, how unfavourable such a state is to poetical contemplation. This, it is presumed, may pertinently be urged in excuse for the slighter errors, and inaccuracies of the performance ; and the Design must in some measure atone for any of a different complexion.

To inspire our Countrymen now in arms, or who may hereafter be called into the field, with perseverance and fortitude, thro' every species of difficulty and danger to continue their exertions for the defence of their country, and the preservation of its Liberties, is the object of this Address.

For this purpose, it was imagined, no considerations could be more effectual than the recollection of the past, and the anticipation of the future. For where is the man to be found, who, after all that has been done and suffered; after such a profusion of blood, and treasure has been expended; and such important advantages have been obtained; would basely relinquish, and leave unfinished the illustrious task of *rearing* an EMPIRE, which, from its situation, and circumstances, must surpass all that ever have existed, in magnitude, felicity and duration?

Altho' the Author entertains the most sanguine expectations of the gratitude and liberality, with which the Continent will reward those who have literally borne the heat and burthen of the day of war; he has not insisted on those pecuniary or slighter considerations: but has attempted, to turn the attention, to the future grandeur, happiness, and glory of the Country, for which we are now contending.—The lands already granted to the Army, first suggested the idea of a military settlement on the Ohio, or in some of those

Western regions; whose beauties can never be sufficiently displayed, much less exaggerated by description. The mild temperature and serenity of the air, the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, the luxuriance of its products, the extent of territory, and the amazing inland navigation, which those boundless lakes, and immeasurable rivers will open; cannot fail one day, to equal that garden of the world to the representation given of it, in the conclusion of the Poem. The possession of such a Country, (rescued from the hand of invasion) in a perfect state of freedom and security, will be a glorious compensation for all our toils and sufferings, and a monument of the most unparalell'd bravery and patriotism to the remotest posterity.—Stimulated with the love of glory, allured by these delightful prospects, and animated with the pleasing hope of the speedy fruition of those rapturous scenes; there are thousands who have drawn the sword, with a resolution never to sheath it, until a happy period is put to the contest.—For himself, the Writer declares, that having already devoted,

whatever talents and abilities nature has conferred upon him, to the service of his Country; no efforts that can be made with his voice, his pen, or his sword, shall ever be wanting to confirm its LIBERTIES and INDEPENDENCE.

An Address to the Army, &c.

YE martial bands ! Columbia's fairest pride !
 To toils inured, in dangers often try'd ;
 Ye gallant Youths ! whose breasts for glory burn,
 Each selfish aim and meaner passion spurn ;
 Ye who unmov'd, in the dread hour have stood,
 And smil'd undaunted in the field of blood ;
 Who greatly dar'd, at Freedom's rapt'rous call
 With her to triumph, or with her to fall :
 Now brighter days in prospect swift ascend ;
 Ye sons of fame the hallow'd theme attend !
 The past review, the future scene explore,
 And Heav'ns high King, with grateful hearts adore.
 What time proud Albion, thund'ring o'er the waves,
 Frown'd on her sons, and bade them turn to slaves ;
 When lost to honor, virtue, glory, shame ;
 When nought remain'd of Britain, but the name—
 The parent State—a parent now no more—
 Let loose the hirelings of despotic pow'r,
 Urg'd to keen vengeance their relentless ire,
 And hop'd submission from their sword and fire.

As when dark clouds, from Andes' tow'ring head,
 Roll down the skies, and round th' horizon spread,
 With thunders fraught, the black'ning tempest sails,
 And bursts tremendous o'er Peruvian vales :

So broke the storm, on Concord's fatal plain ;
 There fell our brothers, by fierce ruffians slain.
 Inglorious deed ! to wild despair then driven,
 We suppliant made our great appeal to Heaven.

Then the shrill trumpet, echoed from afar,
 And sudden blaz'd the wasting flame of war ;
 From State to State, swift flew the dire alarms,
 And ardent Youths impetuous rush'd to Arms :
 To Arms the matrons and the virgins sung,
 To Arms their fires, their husbands, brothers sprung.
 No dull delay—where'er the sound was heard,
 Where the red standards in the air appear'd,
 Or where the cannon swell'd the thund'ring roar,
 From Florida to bleak Acadia's shore.

Now join'd the Crowd, from their far-distant farms,
 In rustic guise, and unadorn'd in arms,
 Not like their foes, in tinsel trappings gay,
 And burnish'd arms that glitter'd on the day ;
 Who now advanc'd, where Charlestown rear'd its height,
 In martial pomp, and claim'd the awful fight ;

And proudly deem'd, with one decisive blow,
 To hurl destruction on the routed foe—
 Not so, just Heav'n had fix'd the great decree,
 And bade the sons of freemen still be free ;
 Bade all their souls with patriot ardour burn,
 And taught the coward fear of death to spurn,
 The threats of vengeance, and of war to brave,
 To purchase freedom, or a glorious grave.
 Long rag'd the contest on th' embattled field ;
 Nor those would fly, nor these would tamely yield ;
 Till Warren fell, in all the boast of arms,
 The pride of genius, and unrivall'd charms,
 His Country's hope !—full soon the gloom was spread,
 Oppress'd with numbers, and their leader dead ;
 Slow from the field the fallen troops retir'd,
 Behind, the hostile flame to Heav'n aspir'd.

The imperious Britons, on the well-fought ground,
 No cause for joy, or wanton triumph found ;
 But saw with grief their dreams of conquest vain,
 Felt the deep wounds, and mourn'd their vet'rans slain.

Nor less our woes—Now darkness gather'd round,
 The thunder rumbled, and the tempest frown'd ;
 When lo ! to guide us thro' the storm of war,
 Beam'd the bright splendor of Virginia's Star.

Oh first of heroes, 'fav'rite of the skies,
 To what dread toils thy country bade thee rise?
 " Oh raised by Heaven to save th' invaded state !"
 (So spoke the sage long since thy future fate)
 'Twas thine to change the sweetest scenes of life
 For public cares—to guide th' embattled strife—
 Unnumber'd ills of every kind to dare,
 The winter's blast—the summer's sultry air—
 The lurking dagger—and the turbid storms
 Of wasting war, with death in all his forms—
 Nor aught could daunt.—Unspeakably serene
 Thy conscious soul smil'd o'er the dreadful scene.

Then the foe trembled at the well-known name,
 And raptur'd thousands to his standard came.
 His martial skill our rising armies form'd,
 His patriot zeal their gen'rous bosoms warm'd,
 His voice inspir'd, his godlike presence led,
 The Britons saw and from his presence fled.
 Soon reinforced, from Albion's crowded shore
 New legions came—new plains were drench'd in gore—
 And scarce Columbia's arm the fight sustains,
 While her best blood gush'd from a thousand veins.
 Then thine oh Brown ! that purpled wide the ground
 Follow'd the knife through many a ghastly wound—

Ah hapless friend ! permit the friendly tear
 To flow even now, for none flow'd on thy bier—
 Where cold and mangled under northern skies
 To famish'd wolves a prey thy body lies—
 Which erst so fair and tall in youthful grace,
 Strength in thy nerves, and beauty in thy face,
 Stood like a tower, till struck by the swift ball—
 Then what avail'd to ward th' untimely fall
 The force of limbs, the mind so well inform'd,
 The taste refin'd, the breast with friendship warm'd,
 (That friendship which our earliest years begun)
 Or what the laurels that thy sword had won,
 When the dark bands from thee expiring, tore
 Thy long hair mingled with the spouting gore !
 Nor less disastrous, Scammel, was thy fate
 From British hands, oh horrid to relate !
 On York's fam'd field amid the first alarms,
 E'er yet fair vict'ry crown'd the allied arms,
 Fell chance betray'd thee to the hostile band,
 Then didst thou fall beneath th' assassin's hand !
 Lo ! while I tell the execrable deed,
 Fresh in his side the dark wound seems to bleed,
 That small red current still for vengeance cries,
 And asks why sleeps the thunder in the skies ?

On him ye Heav'ns let all your vengeance fall
 On the curs'd wretch who wing'd the insidious ball.
 But thou blest shade be sooth'd ! be this thy praise,
 Ripe were thy virtues, tho' too few thy days—
 Be this thy fame to live of all approv'd,
 To die lamented, honour'd, and belov'd.

And see far south where yonder hearse appears,
 An army mourning and a land in tears !
 There Laurens passing to an early tomb,
 Looks like a flower just withering in its bloom.
 Thy father's pride, the glory of our host !
 Thy country's sorrow, late thy country's boast !
 Oh Laurens, gen'rous youth ! twice hadst thou bled,
 Could not the ball with devious aim have sped ?
 And must thy friends now peace appears so near
 Weep the third stroke that cuts a life so dear,
 That blots the prospect of our rising morn,
 And leaves thy country as thy fire forlorn ?
 Companions lov'd ! long as the life blood flows
 Or vital warmth in this fond bosom glows,
 While there I cherish your remembrance dear,
 Oft will I drop the tributary tear.

But what avails to trace the fate of war
 Thro' fields of blood and point each glorious scar,

Why should the strain your former woes recall,
 The tears that wept a friend or brother's fall,
 When by your side first in th' advent'rous strife,
 He dauntless rush'd too prodigal of life!
 Enough of merit has each honour'd name,
 To shine untarnish'd on the rolls of fame,
 To stand the example of each distant age,
 And add new lustre to th' historic page.
 For soon their deeds illustrious shall be shown
 In breathing bronze, or animated stone,
 Or where the canvass starting into life,
 Revives the glories of the crimson strife.
 Ye sons of genius who the pencil hold!
 Whose master strokes beyond description bold
 Of other years and climes the hist'ry trace,
 Can ye for this neglect your kindred race?
 Columbia calls—her parent voice demands
 More grateful offerings from your filial hands.
 And soon some bard shall tempt the untry'd themes,
 Sing how we dar'd, in fortune's worst extremes;
 What cruel wrongs the indignant patriot bore,
 What various ills your feeling bosoms tore,
 What boding horrors gloom'd the dark'ning hour,
 When British legions arm'd with death-like pow'r,

Bade desolation mark their crimson'd way,
And lur'd the savage to his destin'd prey;
When fierce Germania her battalions pour'd,
And rapine's sons with wasting fire and sword,
Spread death around—where'er your eyes ye turn'd,
Fled were the peasants—and the village burn'd—
How did your hearts for others suff'rings melt?
What tort'ring pangs your bleeding country felt?
What! when you fled before superior force,
Each succour lost, and perish'd each resource;
When nature fainting from the want of food,
On the pure snows your steps were mark'd in blood!
When thro' your tatter'd garbs you met the wind!
Despair before, and ruin frown'd behind!
When nought was seen around, but prospects drear,
Th' insulting foe hung dreadful on your rear;
And boastful ween'd that day to close the scene,
And quench your name, as tho' it ne'er had been.
Why Britain! rag'd thine insolence and scorn?
Why burst thy vengeance on the wretch forlorn?
The cheerless *captive* to flow death consign'd,
Chill'd with keen frost, in prison glooms confin'd;
Of hope bereft, by thy vile minions curs'd,
With hunger famish'd, and consum'd with thirst,

Without one friend,—when death's last horror stung,
Roll'd the wild eye, and gnaw'd the anguish'd tongue!

Why Britain! in thine arrogance and pride,
Didst thou Heav'n's violated laws deride,
Mock human mis'ry with contemptuous sneers,
And fill thy cup of guilt with orphans' tears!
The widow's wailing, and the wretch's groan,
Rise in remembrance to th' eternal throne,
While the red flame thro' the broad concave driv'n,
Calls down the vengeance of insulted Heav'n.

And didst thou think! by cruelty refin'd,
To damp the ardor of the heav'n-born mind,
With haughty threats to force the daring train,
To bow unnerv'd in slav'ry's galling chain;
Make countless freemen—then no longer free—
Shrink at thy frown, and bend the servile knee.
And couldst thou dream! then wake, dissolve thy charms,
Rous'd by their wrongs, see desp'rate hosts in arms!
No fear dismays, nor danger's voice appalls,
While kindred blood for sacred vengeance calls;
Their swords shall triumph o'er thy vaunted force,
And curb the conqu'ror in his headlong course.

What spoils of war thy sons, Columbia! claim'd
What trophies rose! where thy red ensigns flam'd,

Where the great Chief, o'er Del'ware's icy wave,
 Led the small band, in danger doubly brave,
 On high designs—and ere the dawning hour,
 Germania's vet'rans own'd the victor's pow'r—
 Or on the Muses plain where round thy tomb,
 Oh gallant Mercer ! deathless laurels bloom.
 Or where anon, in northern fields renown'd,
 The tide of slaughter stain'd the sanguine ground,
 When the bold freemen gath'ring from afar,
 Foil'd the proud foe, and crush'd the savage war :
 On that brave band their country's plaudit waits,
 And consecrates to fame the name of Gates.
 Nor less the valour of th' impetuous shock
 Which seiz'd the glorious prize on Hudson's rock,
 Where Wayne, even while he felt the whizzing ball,
 Pluck'd the proud standard from the vanquish'd wall.
 Now turn your eyes where southern realms are seen
 From ruin rescu'd by th' immortal Greene !
 See toils of death where many a hero bleeds,
 Till rapid vict'ry to defeat succeeds,
 On num'rous plains whose streams unknown to song,
 Till this great æra roll'd obscure along—
 Their names shall now, to fame familiar grown,
 Outlast the pile of monumental stone.

Or see on fair Virginia's strand arise
 The column pointing to the fav'ring skies,
 Inscib'd with deeds the allied arms have done,
 And grav'd with trophies from Britannia won :
 Here stand the conq'ring bands—the vanquish'd throng,
 Thro' the long lines in silence moves along—
 The stars and lilies here in laurels drest—
 And there dark shrouds the banner'd pride invest ;
 These twice twelve banners once in pomp unfurl'd,
 Spread death and terror round the southern world :—
 In various colours from the staff unroll'd
 The lion frown'd, the eagle flam'd in gold—
 Hibernia's harp reluctant here was hung—
 And Scotia's thistle there spontaneous sprung—
 These twice twelve flags no more shall be display'd,
 Save in the dome where warlike spoils are laid :
 Since, where the fathers in high council meet,
 This hand has plac'd them prostrate at their feet.
 Such are the glories of the allied band !
 And such the dawning hope that cheers our land !
 Since *Gallia's Sire*, high on a throne of state,
 Sublimely good, magnanimously great !
 Protector of the rights of human kind !
 Weigh'd the dread contest in his royal mind,

And bade his fleets o'er the broad ocean fly,
 To succour realms beneath another sky.
 Since his blest troops in happiest toils allied,
 Have fought, have bled, have conquer'd by your side:
 The mingled gore, in the same trench that flow'd,
 Cements the nations by their heroes blood.

Yet still Columbians ! see what choice remains,
 Ignoble bondage, and inglorious chains,
 Or all the joys which liberty can give,
 For which you dare to die, or wish to live.
 On your own arms, your country's fate depends—
 Your wives, your children, parents, brothers, friends,
 With all the tender charities of life,
 Hang on the issue of the arduous strife.

To bolder deeds, and vict'ry's fierce delights,
 Your country calls, and Heav'n itself invites,
 Charm'd by their potent voice—let virtue's flame,
 The sense of honour, and the fear of shame,
 The thirst of praise, and freedom's envied cause,
 The smiles of heroes, and the world's applause,
 Impel each breast, in glory's dread career,
 Firm as your rock-rais'd hills to persevere.

Now the sixth year of *Independence* smiles,
 The glorious meed of all our warlike toils ;

Auspicious pow'r! with thy broad flag unfurl'd,
 Shed thy stern influence o'er the Western World!
 With thy congenial flame, our hearts inspire,
 With manly patience, and heroic fire;
 The rudest shock of fortune's storm to bear,
 Each ill to suffer, ev'ry death to dare;
 To rush undaunted in th' advent'rous van,
 And meet the Britons man oppos'd to man;
 With surer aim repel their barb'rous rage,
 Shield the poor orphan, and the white-hair'd sage:
 Defend the matron, and the virgin's charms,
 And vindicate our sacred rights with arms.
 This, the great *Genius* of our land requires;
 This, the blest shades of our illustrious fires;
 This, the brave sons of future years demand,
 Cheer the faint heart, and nerve the feeble hand;
 This, sacred hope, that points beyond the span,
 Which bounds this transitory life of man;
 Where glory lures us with her bright renown,
 The hero's triumph, and the patriot's crown,
 The fair rewards to suff'ring virtue given,
 Pure robes of bliss, and starry thrones in Heaven.

Chang'd are the scenes---now fairer prospects rise,
 And brighter suns begin to gild our skies.---

Th' exhausted foe---his last poor efforts tried,
 Sees nought remain, save impotence and pride;—
 His golden dreams of fancied conquests o'er,
 (And Gallia thund'ring round his native shore,
 Iberia aiding with Potosi's mines,
 While old Batavia in the conflict joins)
 Reluctant turns---and deep involv'd in woes,
 In other climes, prepares for other foes.

Anon, the horrid sounds of war shall cease,
 And all the Western World be hush'd in peace:
 The martial clarion shall be heard no more,
 Or the loud cannon's desolating roar:
 No more our heroes pour the purple flood,
 No corse be seen with garments roll'd in blood;
 No shiv'ring wretch shall roam without a shed,
 No pining orphans raise their cry for bread;
 No tender mother shriek at dreams of woe,
 Start from her sleep, and see the midnight foe:
 The lovely virgin, and the hoary fire,
 No more behold the village flame aspire;
 While the base spoiler, from a father's arms
 Plucks the fair flow'r, and riots on its charms.

Ev'n now from half the threaten'd horrors freed,
 See from our shores the less'ning sails recede;

See

See the red flags that to the winds unfurl'd,
 Wav'd in proud triumph round the vanquish'd world,
 Inglorious fly ;---and see their haggard crew
 Despair, rage, shame and infamy pursue.

Hail heav'n-born peace ! thy grateful blessings pour
 On this glad land, and round the peopled shore ;
 Thine are the joys that gild the happy scene,
 Propitious days, and festive nights serene ;
 With thee gay pleasure frolics o'er the plain,
 And smiling plenty leads thy prosp'rous train.

Then oh my friends ! the task of glory done,
 Th' immortal prize by your bold efforts won :
 Your country's favours, by her voice confess'd,
 While unborn ages rise and call you blest :
 Then let us go, where happier climes invite,
 To midland seas, and regions of delight ;
 With all that's ours, together let us rise,
 Seek brighter plains, and more indulgent skies ;
 Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,
 And nature blossoms in her virgin pride ;
 Where all that beauty's hand can form to please,
 Shall crown the toils of war, with rural ease.
 The shady coverts and the sunny hills,
 The gentle lapse of ever-murm'ring rills,

The soft repose amid the noon-tide bow'rs,
 The ev'ning walk along the blushing flow'rs,
 The fragrant groves that yield a sweet perfume,
 And vernal glories in perpetual bloom,
 Await you there.—And Heav'n shall bless the toil,
 Your own the produce, as your own the soil.

No tyrant lord shall grasp a thousand farms,
 Curse the mild clime, and spoil its fairest charms;
 No blasts severe your rip'ning fields deform,
 No vollied hail-stones, and no driving storm;
 No raging murrain on your cattle seize,
 And nature sicken with the dire disease.—
 But golden years, anew, begin their reigns,
 And cloudless sun-shine gild salubrious plains;
 Herbs, fruits and flow'rs, shall clothe th' uncultur'd field,
 Nectarious juice, the vine and orchard yield,
 Rich dulcet creams the copious goblets fill,
 Delicious honey from the trees distil;
 The garden smile, spontaneous harvests spring,
 The woodlands warble, and the vallies sing.

Along the meads, or near the shady groves,
 There sport the flocks, there feed the fat'ning droves;
 There strays the steed thro' bloomy vales afar,
 Who erst mov'd lofty in the ranks of war.

There

There free from envy, cank'ring care and strife,
 Flow the calm pleasures of domestic life ;
 There mutual friendship sooths each placid breast,
 Blest in themselves, and in each other blest :
 From house to house the social glee extends ;
 For friends in war, in peace are doubly friends :
 Their children taught to emulate their fires,
 Catch the warm glow, and feel the kindred fires ;
 'Till by degrees the mingling joys improve,
 Grow with their years, and ripen into love :
 Nor long the blushing pair in secret sigh,
 And drink sweet poison from the love-sick eye.
 Blest be their lot ! when in his eager arms
 Th' enamour'd youth folds the fair virgins charms ;
 On her ripe lip imprints the burning kiss,
 And seals with hallow'd rights the nuptial bliss.
 Then festal sports the ev'ning hours prolong ;
 The mazy dance, and the sweet warbling song :
 Then each endearment wakes the ravish'd sense
 To pure delights, and raptures most intense :
 And the pleas'd parent tells his list'ning son,
 What wond'rous deeds by him, in youth, were done.
 No fights of woe, no tort'ring fears annoy
 The sweet sensations of the heart-felt joy.

Nor shall the savages of murd'rous foul,
 In painted bands dark to the combat roll,
 With midnight orgies, by the gloomy shade,
 On the pale victim point the reeking blade;
 Or cause the hamlet lull'd in deep repose,
 No more to wake, or wake to ceaseless woes:
 For your strong arm the guarded land secures,
 And freedom, glory, happiness are yours.—

So shall you flourish in unfading prime,
 Each age refining thro' the reign of time;
 A nobler offspring crown the fond embrace,
 A band of heroes, and a patriot race:
 Not by soft luxury's too dainty food,
 Their minds contaminated with their blood;
 But like the heirs our great forefathers bred,
 By freedom nurtur'd, and by temp'rance fed;
 Healthful and strong, they turn'd the virgin soil,
 Th' untam'd forest bow'd beneath their toil:
 At early dawn they fought the mountain chase,
 Or rous'd the Indian from his lurking place;
 Curb'd the mad fury of those barb'rous men,
 Or dragg'd the *wild beast* struggling from his den:
 To all the vigour of that pristine race,
 New charms are added, and superior grace.

Then

Then cities rise---and spiry towns increase,
 With gilded domes, and every art of peace.
 Then cultivation shall extend his pow'r,
 Rear the green blade and nurse the tender flow'r;
 Make the fair villa in full splendors smile,
 And robe with verdure all the genial soil.
 Then shall rich commerce court the fav'ring gales,
 And wond'ring wilds admire the passing sails;
 Where the bold ships the stormy Huron brave,
 Where wild Ontario rolls the whitening wave;
 Where fair Ohio his pure current pours,
 And Mississippi laves the extended shores.

Then oh blest land! with genius unconfin'd,
 With polish'd manners, and the illumin'd mind,
 Thy future race on daring wing shall soar,
 Each science trace, and all the arts explore;
 'Till bright religion beck'ning from the skies,
 Shall bid thy sons to endless glories rise.

As round thy clime celestial joy extends,
 Thy beauties ripen, and thy pomp ascends;
 Farther and farther still, thy blessings roll,
 To southern Oceans, and the northern Pole;
 Where now the thorn, or tangled thicket grows,
 The wilderness shall blossom as the rose,

Unbounded desarts unknown charms assume,
Like Salem flourish, and like Eden bloom.

And oh may Heav'n! when all our toils are past,
Crown with such happiness our days at last:
So rise our sons, like our great sires of old,
In freedom's cause, unconquerably bold;
With spotless faith, and morals pure, their name
Spread thro' the world, and gain immortal fame.—

And thou Supreme! whose hand sustains this ball,
Before whose nod, the nations rise and fall,
Propitious smile, and shed diviner charms,
On this blest *land*, the queen of arts and arms:
Make the great Empire rise on wisdom's plan,
The seat of bliss, and last retreat of Man.

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F I N I S